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8

WARFARE

721 537 PAPAGO war ritual[1] never mentions the glory of war. Bravery and prowess are recognized unofficially, and the informal speeches even make much of them, but in the official orations war is conceived of as an onerous duty. The descriptions are not of battles but of the visions which precede and follow them. Actual fighting is expressed by metaphor or disposed of in one hurried sentence. Emphasis is all on the obligation to the community, the steps taken to work the fighters up to action, and the final reward. This last is neither prestige, booty, nor satisfied vengeance, but that *sine qua non* of a desert people—rain.

701 721 This is the attitude of busy agriculturists who fought, as the Papagos say they did fight, only in self-defense. They were often attacked by the raiding Apache around them, and all their men had to be trained for war. In fact, there was no escape from mili-

[184] [1] The warpath ceremonial was highly developed among the Pima (Russell, pp. 352–84), and its speeches have been preserved while other ceremonies were lost. Pima rituals do not correspond with those of the Papago speech for speech, but the same material is used by both groups in different combinations. One important difference is that the Papago divide this material into speeches for the warpath and others for the subsequent purification. Russell (pp. 204–5) describes an arduous purification, but all the speeches he gives are assigned to the warpath and to definite stages in its progress. The Papago use some of this same speech material for salt gathering and for building a ceremonial house.

Granting these differences, the northern Papago, from whom the speeches were taken, show more likeness to the Pima than to Papago of other divisions, where the speeches were sought in vain. The likeness would have been greater had not the Pima speeches been translated as prose and the Papago as poetry. The writer, however, is willing to defend her use of the free verse form. The speeches, as recited, have a definite rhythm, entirely different from that of ordinary talking. It is easy to recognize the end of a line by the heavy stress on the last word and these lines have been adhered to in the translation. As noted in the introduction, their length cannot be exactly that of the original, but the proportion of long and short is similar.

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In fact, there was no escape from mili-
[838] tary duties except by assuming the status of a berdache, but they
●721 made no pretense of considering these duties as other than a disagreeable necessity. In their view the enemy, with unfamiliar garments and weapons and formidable courage, were evil magicians, and they were to be treated as such: avoided until they became too obnoxious, then killed with as much dispatch as possible.

727 It was because of their belief in the enemy's evil magic that the Papago took no booty. Nothing belonging to the enemy might be touched except by one who had been through the special purification to be described. Male captives were never brought home, and the females occasionally taken were sold to the Mexicans,
[764] not kept. Papago dead were left on the battlefield or burned there, though the usual custom is burying. Papago wounded must be purified. The only trophy brought home was the scalp or occasionally a belt or moccasin to take its place. In this trophy was thought to be concentrated the magic power of the enemy. The reward of the fighter for his labors was to possess this power and make it serve him.

716 War ritual can be divided into three stages, which logically
726 should not all come under the same heading. The first two, which here have been called the rituals of the warpath and of victory, were really communal ceremonies. They were conducted by the whole community, or at least by all the warriors, and they had the regular form of a community ceremony: the oration by the priestly leader and songs by the group. Moreover, in the Papago mind, which abhorred emphasis on killing and revenge, their real result was supposed to be a magical one, bringing rain and crops.

The warpath and victory ceremonies are then actually food ceremonies. To this extent has the main interest of Papago life shaped and turned all its elements. The only ceremony for power is the third of the war rituals, warrior's purification, which conforms perfectly to the other purification formulae. Since to separate the three phases of war would make the narrative difficult to follow, all three have been described here as a continuity.

721 The first, which has been called the warpath, comprises all the preparations for war, up to the time of fighting. It must be de-

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scribed in the past, since it is now several generations since the Papago went to war.

THE WARPATH

Papago men lived with their bows and arrows beside them, in readiness for an Apache attack. If they could catch the enemy before he escaped with his booty, they rushed out without ceremony. But more often enemy raids occurred while a village was sleeping and the Apache were far away in the hills before their victims were aware. In this case a punitive expedition was organized.

The village which had suffered the raid called a meeting, at which volunteers were accepted and plans made. A date was set for the expedition, generally ten days later, and a bundle of tally sticks was sent by messenger to neighboring villages who might wish to join the party. From the time of sending out the sticks, the war leader must remain sexually continent, though others need not. Every night during the days of preparation the men met to report on equipment and receive instructions. The keeper of the smoke generally addressed them informally, but the speech of any keeper became standardized. The following one was reported at San Xavier.

1. You are to see the enemy people who live between the mountains. You will see their bravery. Such bravery you will see, that nowhere have you seen its like. That is what you will see.

You will take power, that you may do the same. This is our purpose. Thus our purpose is fixed: thither to lead our young men and to kill the enemy. We will think nothing of death; we will break loose; we will kill the enemy.

Great fame shall his kinsmen give to each of our young men: His name shall his mother hear and his father, because he has killed. She will rush out; she will go to him happily, his mother. She will rush out; she will give the warwhoop; she will dance; she will call him by the kin term—him, her son. "Very brave are your deeds, my son! Therewith the world shall resound, full of the excellence of my son's deeds. Therewith shall rejoice his kinsmen."

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[721 x539] Evening then will fall, and they will sing for him. Daylight will come and there will come forth the old woman. She will give the warwhoop; she will dance. Thus will do the old man: he will come forth; he will shout loudly, he will dance hard.

This is our purpose. Therefore, we shall lead forth our young men, that deeds they may do which are of the bravest; that deeds they may do with which the earth shall resound. This is our purpose.

Therefore do not begrudge your young men, whom we lead thither. Although it is dangerous, let them care not if they die there. For thus will resound their fame; the people will hear it and will call them by the kin term. If they are kin, they will give the prayer for one who fared unfortunately. This is our purpose.

If your son shall die, excellent will be the fame of his death, because somewhere unknown to you between the mountains he died. In some place unknown to you shall lie his bones. The flying birds their down feathers shall let fall—all kinds of birds, and therewith better shall lie his bones. Therewith thus shall desire the old man [his father] he shall [desire to] go thither and again to fight the enemy. He shall kill another enemy and shall cancel the debt. Therewith will he make all well and will be exceedingly happy. He will not remember his son's death. Therewith, out of sight, will he put his wretchedness, his unhappiness.(21)

[721 537] After the informal urging of men to do their duty, came the ritual oration to produce power. This was a description of I'itoi's resurrection and his preparation for a victorious campaign. It was taken from the original myth and described the first Papago and Pima war ceremonies, just as the songs sung on the warpath were the songs of I'itoi's army.

Only two men were found who knew this speech. Both had learned it hurriedly from the last old warrior before he died, and though their versions agreed, the whole effect was that of a garbled patchwork. It begins in the appropriate style of dignified repetition and follows the origin myth of I'itoi's revival. Then there is an abrupt change. Instead of the underground people, I'itoi visits a bird shaman. The narrative continues with typical Papago realism while the hero asks for the Papago virtues, including expertness in kickball. Then suddenly the Apache are brought on the scene, and with one violent sentence the ritual is cut short.

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SPEECH BEFORE A RAID
(Komarik, Santa Rosa)[2]

2. There, then, they killed Elder Brother, the shaman.
Far off, alone he fell,
And there continued lying.
Four years did pass.
He raised himself, awoke, and looked around him.
He saw and knew the earth far different seemed.
The mountains he had placed erect
Now crumbling stood.
The trees which he had placed erect
Were dead and fallen.

This having seen,
His white winds toward the east he caused to blow;
Therewith his heart
He moistened and healed.
His red winds toward the north he caused to blow;
Therewith his heart
He moistened and healed.
His black winds toward the west he caused to blow;
Therewith his heart
He moistened and healed.
His painful winds toward the sea he caused to blow;
Therewith his heart
He moistened and healed.

Pitoi speaks.

Then I came forth and stamped.
Wherever lived an eloquent man,
I did approach and stamp upon him;
And again I stamped.
Wherever lived a man with shaman's knowledge,
I did approach and stamp upon him;
And again I stamped.
Wherever lived an enemy slayer,
I did approach and stamp upon him;
And again I stamped.

[2] A Pima version of this speech, apparently not used for war, is given by Russell, p. 339.

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721 Wherever lived wise women,
x539 Food gatherers, food preservers,
There did I surely stamp.

Then I sank down and toward the east
Beneath the ground went burrowing.
At the base of the Rich Mountains
Was water dripping, thick with scum.
I came there, and my heart I moistened.
Then I sank down and toward the east
Beneath the ground went burrowing.
I reached Great Feather House,[3] and there within
Lay many things; and I my heart was healing.

There was the place where I kneel down:
Covered with windiness,
Covered with birds [unidentified],
Covered with swallows,
Covered with pendant clouds.
Then, there did I kneel down.

There was the place where I put my hand:
Covered with windiness,
Covered with birds,
Covered with swallows,
Covered with pendant clouds.
Then, there did I put my hand.

I turned, and toward the west I went,
And there did reach
The shaman of the downy nest [bush tit?].
I approached and circled; I approached and sat;
And talked with him together.
His fine floor covering did I soil
As I sat down;
I ate and swallowed my tears.
Tears dropped on my reed cigarette
The while I smoked.

Around him stood his handsome youths and his fair maidens.
The virtues which they had he did not grudge me.

[3] The cave where I'itoi left the basket of eagle feathers after slaying the monster eagle.

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721 ●
539 x

Not to mind hunger,
Not to mind thirst,
To kick straight at kickball—
All of these virtues lying there
He did not grudge me.
I made them into a narrow bundle;
I seized them and went forth.

Toward the south were beautiful beads
And beside them beautiful earrings.
I touched them with my hand,
And I moistened my heart and healed it.

Toward the north was a road,
And there a great blackened stick [war club]
Painted with flowers.
Feathers were tied upon it.
Bird down was tied upon it.
In that direction [direction of the Apache]
Did they feel hostile toward me.
Then thither did I go,
Uprooting!
Breaking!
Throwing down!
Trampling!

Thus should you also think and desire,
All you my kinsmen.(7)

726

When "the sticks were all knocked down," that is, when ten days had passed, parties from the several villages met at the foot of the Santa Rita Mountains, "for the top of the mountains belong to the Apache, the base to the Papago." This, as a rule, was their only night of ceremonies. Next day they would be in enemy country and would travel by night and sleep by day.

The official crier of one village was generally among the warriors, and he called all together for the warpath ritual.

[539] x

3. Now the night has reached this point [late]. Now we will do as is our custom. Now, at this point, deep night covers us, and thus we will do. In very old time began this custom, that wherever people live, they should gather together. Now this is our purpose; to teach our young men and to recite the ritual.(9)

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But, on great ceremonial
361 occasions, all daughter villages returned in a body to the parent
621 village. If intervillage games were held, it was understood that all
[716] played and bet on the same side. If one went on the warpath, the
[721] others were notified and asked to join. Modern interpreters speak of these related villages as "partners". We shall refer to the whole group of mother village, daughter villages and Wells, as a village unit.

The three reservations number eleven such village units whose location has changed very little in the two hundred and more years since Kino visited most of them. The reason is obvious. They were placed in spots which were, then as now, the best for cultivation. Usually, the main villages are found in the middle of the north-to-south valleys, with their daughter villages stretching along the valley in both directions and their Wells perched in the mountain walls at either side. Sometimes a village has made two or three short moves to get better water and it may have carried its old name with it to each location, but all the sites are easily identified and generally the history of the moves is preserved in tradition.

Our knowledge of the daughter villages dates only from 1860[1] and it is possible that their settlement is recent and due to the cessation of Apache raids. Kino, who visited several of the mother villages, says nothing about the daughters and we do not know whether the three hundred and seven hundred people who greeted him[2] lived in town or in the environs. But we know that, during the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth century there could be no daughter villages. That was the time of the Apache attacks, when the people were obliged to concentrate and, no matter how far away their fields were: "They could not live far apart. They were afraid." (26)

361 But when the Apache ceased to trouble, toward the end of the
621 nineteenth century, the large villages began to break up and
178 groups moved out, either to the fields they had been cultivating, or to new ones. Several villages recorded in the appendix were founded in the last two or three generations and the movement is still going on. In the last few years there has appeared a factor which will influence residence even more than freedom from attack. This is the digging of government wells. Already these have given some of the large Field villages a permanent water supply so that movement in the dry season is unnecessary. As more of the Fields are supplied, we may expect some of the Wells to be abandoned while others, if conveniently located for cattle raising, may grow into

[1] Hoover, 1895, p. 259.
[2] Bolton, 1936, pp. 397, 398.

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WAR

721 War, with the Papagos, was not an occasion for prestige as with
727 the Plains tribes nor of booty as with the Apache. It was a disagreeable necessity. The enemy, generally the Apache, was regarded as a shaman. His person, or anything that had touched him, was taboo. Therefore all booty was burned and the man who had killed an enemy or been wounded by him had to go through a long ordeal of purification.

721 War was enveloped in a mass of ritual but none of it was in glorification of combat. The ceremonial orations frequently end: "It is that vile wretch (the enemy) not we, who is uttering threats." Men were urged to fight in order to do their duty by their kinsmen and when this duty was done, they had to spend both time and material goods in purification during which they were frequently adjured:

> "Verily who desires this?
> Do not you desire it?
> Then learn to endure hardship."

The reward of victory for the individual was the acquisition of power, not for war, but for curing. For the community as a whole it was that summum bonum of an agricultural people, rain and a good harvest.

702 Nevertheless, because of the Apache menace, the Papago were forced to train their youths to war; the respected men in the community had to be Enemy Slayers and a man who had no taste for fighting at all was practically forced to declare himself a berdache. Training began when boys were about fourteen.

[517] In leisure periods, like the time after harvest, boys would be gathered daily at the house of the Keeper of the Meeting and he or the war leader would tell them war stories and explain fighting methods (9). Beginning with the age of twelve or so, they were given practice in using the shield, in shooting and dodging arrows. A row of boys holding shields would stand at one end of an open space and at the other a row with bows and blunt, wooden-tipped arrows. They were told to run toward each other and at a given distance the archers were to shoot, aiming at the legs so a wound would not be dangerous.

The business of the shield bearers was not to attack but to learn to dodge the arrows. They were told never to stand with their legs

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together, since this made a better target. They were to watch the arrows as they left the bow, to squat to avoid the high ones, leap to avoid the low ones, or throw the body from side to side. Boys practised in this way alone whenever they had a chance. They also practised shooting, by throwing a bundle of rags in the air and trying to shoot it before it fell. Before a war party all the fighters practised in this way under the direction of the war leader or the retired warriors.

The Apache were the enemies of whom the Papago went in constant fear. Although the Spanish writers speak of Yuman captives taken by the "Pimas" and of wars among the Pimas themselves, these differences must have ceased with the growing of the Apache menace. The word *ohp*, enemy, is always translated Apache, for which there is no other term. No distinction is made between the divisions of the Apache or between Apache and Navajo, and the term might possibly include other nomadic tribes, such as the Comanche.

The Apache raided storehouses and carried off young women as captives, but their principal objective was horses, which they wanted not to ride but to eat. "They were always hungry." Apprehension because of an attack was a constant factor in Papago life. "You never knew when an Apache would jump yelling off the roof of your house when you went out at dawn" (27). The men were urged nightly in the council to be on their guard. A typical speech of admonition given by a father to his sons is the following:

"At dawn you must rise. Listen all about you for something. Look all about you for something. All kinds of things there may be for you to find. Apache tracks may be visible. If you find them, you will tell of it and you will follow. Even if you do not overtake them, you will follow far before you drop the trail. You will learn that certainly they passed that way. Perhaps you will learn that there are many of them, camping somewhere, expecting to come down and attack us." (22)

But the principal time for raids was in winter, after the harvest was in. The short rainy season in midwinter was the best opportunity. "The Apaches are shamans. They control the mist and rain and always travel under cover of it." The usual attack was made before dawn, when some horses were run off and a few women and children killed. In one case, there is record of a whole village being exterminated.

"One night my mother told my father she was sure something was going to happen, so they left the village. That night the Apache came. Some of the women were out in the menstruation house,

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721 which was a quarter mile from the village. There were severeal women there together, one with a child. They saw three men walking about. Then they heard sounds. The woman with the child went near her own home, where her husband was with some men and called to him that there were men walking about the village He said, "No, it can't be." The woman still heard those men who were really Apache scouts and again she called to her husband. He said, "It is only cows. Go to sleep." The woman did not dare to go near any of the other houses to warn them, because she was unclean after childbirth.

The Apache scouts went back and reported and next morning the enemy came. There was a clear space around the village and the Papagos could see the enemy as they approached. But the Apache had a shaman who prevented the Papagos knowing who it was. The Apaches sang as they approached and the Papagos thought it was another village coming to sing for them. When the enemy came near enough to be recognized, they ran for their weapons and rushed out to attack. They killed many Apache but the Apache in the end killed all of them.

One old man had gathered all the women and children and placed them in the ceremonial house. He used the bottom of a granary basket for a door and he stood by it to keep them in. The Apache, when they had killed all the men, attacked the ceremonial house. They killed the old man and all the older women and the younger women they took away as prisoners." (26)

More often some horses would be missed, or word would be brought by a runner of moccasin tracks in the neighborhood. In that case, the news was shouted through the village immediately, but the men waited till night to make their plans. During the day the Enemy Slayers met in the house of one of them to discuss a plan of campaign to present at the meeting.

The meeting proceeded with its usual formality. The Keeper in the customary low voice made a speech urging all men to do their duty and not desert their kinsmen. Many older men would repeat these sentiments, until the meeting was in the proper frame of mind. Then volunteers were called for. Here the young men, who were not permitted to speak, had a chance to step forward. No man would volunteer if he had not a full war equipment, since the articles were too hard to procure. Also he would not go if his wife were pregnant or menstruating, since this would take away his strength.

After volunteering, the young men left the meeting to repair their war equipment and to get some sleep. The older men remained to discuss the plan of campaign. If there were a permanent war leader, he stayed with them. If not, they decided on a man, who would later be notified.

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They might also decide to invite several partner villages to join them and messengers would be sent out, running. The plan was always to fix a rendezvous somewhere near the boundaries of Papago country. This was generally at the base of the mountains to the east. "The Apaches never came down from the mountains except to raid. The mountains were their country. When they were escaping, they always ran straight up hill." (19) If the need were immediate, the meeting might be fixed for the next night. Otherwise the conventional interval was ten days. The messengers were given ten sticks to deliver. The Keeper at the partner village was to stand these up in the floor of the Big House and to lay one down each day. When they were all down, his war party started. The ritual speech made before the start has the title "Sticks Laid Down".

In the ten day interval the warriors exercised and prepared their equipment. They carried shield and club or bow and arrows as they chose. Specialization in one or the other form of fighting was a permanent arrangement, only a few of the bravest using shield and club, which meant close-in fighting. Archers put a new string on the bow and carried another string in the quiver. They carried three hundred arrows, stone-tipped if possible, but a few wooden ones might be used to fill out the number. Every man took two pairs of sandals. Many wore headdresses in any form that suited them and these were repaired and made by the warrior himself.

When equipped, the warrior had his quiver slung over the right shoulder, so that it hung with the opening at the left, just at the waist. His bow he carried in his left hand and while fighting he would have several arrows in this hand also. His other baggage hung from the thong around his waist that held the breechclout. Even if he were not a club fighter, he might carry a club to finish the enemy. This was hung directly at the back. At the right he had a pouch, containing cornmeal which, mixed with water, would be his only food. In the same pouch might be a smaller one for tobacco and cornhusks or reed tubes for cigarettes. Another small pouch contained black and white paints. A half gourd, to serve as mixing bowl and drinking cup was slung from his belt by a thong. Some warriors distributed these various possessions in several pouches, elaborately made of fox or other animal skin with the fur on

The warrior's hair was clubbed in a knot at the back of his neck. He wore one of several sorts of headdress or possibly none at all. His face according to some informants, was painted black from the start (9), and after killing an enemy, the lower part was white. According to others, it was not painted at all until he had killed

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hid by day until they encountered a troupe of the enemy or a village. The villages rarely contained anyone but women and children since the men were constantly away raiding. One attack on a village was described as follows: 726 756 787

"The men all separated and each one waited outside one Apache wickiup, till the signal to attack. My father was outside a wickiup where there were several women roasting something and he listened to their strange voices and wondered if they were saying, "The Desert People are here." Finally the signal came: the call of a roadrunner. Our men attacked, whooping. The women ran out of the houses and the men stood at the doors waiting to club them. My father took hold of an old woman but she was strong and wrestled with him. He called to the others, "Help! The old enemy woman is killing me!" So others came and they broke in the old woman's skull. A few other men killed but the rest of the women got away. Our men burned the houses and the booty and went home." (26)

If it was possible to locate a band of male enemies, they tried to "make a house for the Apache", that is, surround the band or trap it in a canyon. Various accounts tell how the shaman divined where the enemy would be and how this strategem was carried out. The archers shot first from ambush, then the men with clubs rushed in for close fighting. There were never very many of these and they were only the bravest men. They always advanced leaping and when leaping backward to retreat they held the shield behind them to break a fall. There was no mass formation and no commands from the war leader except the signal to begin. The affair was a series of duels where each warrior got his man, if possible, and then retired from the combat. 726

"My father and one Apache were separated from the others shooting arrows at each other. There was a giant cactus between them and each kept dodging behind it, till the cactus was full of arrows. They both knew a little Mexican and the Apache called out in that language, "I am a *man*!" My father shouted, "I, too, am a *man*!" Then they wrestled. My father was down and he shouted for help. His brother came and between them they clubbed the Apache. Then they were both Enemy Slayers."

Even if there was no Apache attack, a punitive expedition generally took place each winter to avenge some former raid. For this there was plenty of time and the villages of one or even two related groups might join. The Papago calendar stick which chronicles the events of the last eighty-five years provides a number of typical examples. [721]

1867-68. Some Apaches came to Worm Pond, while the people were singing for rain. They stole some horses and made off.

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all the next day and then camped close to the Apache village. Before dawn they attacked it and killed all the people who were asleep. Those who were awake escaped. The Papagos brought some children back as prisoners and kept them as their own. When they were grown and able to work, they sold them in Sonora for $ 100 each.

COMPARISON WITH PIMA

These narratives bear out the statement of the Papagos that they fought only in self-defense. They resemble the narrative of Pima battles,[1] except where the Pimas joined with their more organized neighbors, the Maricopas. They are decidedly at variance, however, with the accounts given of the "Pimas" by the early Spaniards. Kino reports in the Santa Cruz valley fortified towns and a chief who could command five hundred men.[2] Their battle in the open with agreements and challenges is entirely different from the Papago style of warfare, and resembles that reported for Yumas and Maricopas.[3]

".... the news reached the neighboring rancheria of Quiburi .... and immediately its captain, el Coro, came to the rescue with his brave people, together with other Pimas who had come from the west to barter for maize and who contributed to the fortunate outcome of the event, for they were supplied with the arms which we had bidden them to provide to go on the expedition with the soldiers of the presidio. The captain of the enemy, called el Capotcari, proposed — for with Captain Coro came many Pimas — that they should fight, ten on one side and ten on the other. Captain Coro accepted the proposal and selected ten Pimas, while Captain Capotcari selected ten others, the most valiant of all he had. Five were Apaches as was also one of the other five.

They began shooting their arrows, and, as the Pimas are very dextrous in shooting and also in parrying the arrows of their adversaries and as the Apaches, although dextrous in shooting arrows and with the lance, are not dextrous in parrying the arrows, five Pimas soon wounded the five Apaches who were their antagonists, as did four other Pimas their adversaries, who were the Hocomes and Xanos. Captain Capotcari was very skilful in catching the arrows but his opponent, a valiant Pima, grappled with him and, struggling, threw him to the ground and beat his head with stones. Thereupon, all the rest of the enemy began to flee and the Pimas followed them .... killing and wounding more than three hundred, of whom fifty odd remained dead and stretched out

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[1] Russell, pp. 38—52.
[2] Allegre III, pp. 100—101.
[3] Russell, pp. 40,41.

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727 783 informal priesthood. Finally he was given the scalp, enclosed in a special ceremonial basket, like those which held the village arcana.

●721 778 It was for this final reward that men really went to war. The safety of the village and the fact that a scalp brought it rain were stressed in speeches and were certainly the motive for a war party being ordered. But the individual had a definite emolument when he procured this trophy which would bring him luck ever afterward [755] and which was a definite source of material income. The presence of the scalp and the songs learned during purification cured the scalp sickness which meant any nervous disorder or sexual excite- [828] ment. Such things were thought to be akin to the madness of war and the warrior who had power over such madness could cure them and thus "feed himself."

His scalp trophy, as the saying was: "worked for him like a relative." The interpretation of his relationship with it was that he had taken it into his family. He now had to "feed" it with tobacco and eagle down, and, according to some, talk frequently to it, telling it his plans. It would reciprocate, as relatives did with that which it had to give, *i. e.* power in war and general good luck. But if he neglected it, the gift would not be made: the scalp would cease to be a relative and would do him harm just as it did to the uninitiated.

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The essential differentiation between Papago and Pima, which is now so obvious, began at this time. The Pima adopted American names and American clothing, and by 1871 had an American school. Meantime the Papago, when they spoke any language at all but their own, spoke Spanish, wore mantillas, and regarded the Altar Valley as their source of culture. More important still, the Pima gave up most of their ancient ceremonies while the Papago continued theirs.

Among the most important had been the ceremonies for war. The marauding Apache, in the hills to the east of Pimeria, had provided constant persecution since Kino's time, but in 1887 they were subdued by the United States, with the help of both Pima and Papago.

After this, scalps were no longer taken, and the important ceremonies of the warpath, of victory, and of warrior's purification were abandoned. But, until the present generation, the Papago continued their intervillage games with the accompanying dances, their cleansing ceremony for food, and their driving away of evil. Even yet, the northern part of the reservation ferments liquor from the giant cactus fruit and drinks it ritually as a magic to saturate the earth with rain. The shamans still practise, and the lay curers dream songs which give each one power over some particular disease sent by a particular animal. Other power can still be obtained, if not from scalps, then at least by the killing of an eagle or the ritual fetching of salt from the Gulf of California. Most of these ceremonies, as they occurred some fifty years ago, are described in the succeeding pages.

The writer made a series of ethnological studies among the Papago under the auspices of Columbia University, covering the periods June to October 1931, February to October 1933, November to January 1934, and October to November 1935, much of the work being financed by the Columbia University Council of the Social Sciences. During most of this time the narrator of the following autobiography, Maria Chona, acted as informant, hostess, guide, and means of introduction to the various villages, in most of which she had relatives or descendants.

Chona is a corruption of the Spanish name Encarnacion, with which the old woman had been baptized on a childhood trip to Mexico. She was the daughter of a prominent leader, José María, nicknamed Con Quien, the name of a Spanish card game. Since the words themselves would have little significance, the nickname has been translated hereafter as "The Gambler." Chona was inordinately proud of this father who had been appointed village chief or "governor" when the Papago first came under American supervision. The Papago custom in most ancient times had been to have a ceremonial leader who performed a few executive functions, but

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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Where the mountain trembles with the thunder 159X
My heart trembles with it. 533

That was what they sang. When I sing that song yet it makes me dance.

Then the little rains began to come. We had jugs of the juice that my 159X
mother had boiled, and all the women carried them in their nets as we came 276
running down the mountain back to our village. Much, much liquor we 821
made, and we drank it to pull down the clouds, for that is what we call 786
it. I was too little to drink. They put me on the house top with my older sister. Our jars of liquor were up there, too. The house top was the only safe place.

We heard the people singing over by the council house:

There sits the magician of the east
Holding the rain by the hand
The wind holding by the hand
He sits.

Then they began to drink. Making themselves beautifully drunk, for 159X
that is how our words have it. People must all make themselves drunk like 276
plants in the rain and they must sing for happiness. We heard them singing 786
all day all over the village. Then my father and mother came and stood by the house where we were on the roof, with many relatives. Oh, they were very happy. "Reach us down a new jar from the roof," they said. So my sister handed it down. Then they gave it to drink to all the relatives whom they loved. And each, when he had drunk, sang a song.

The next day a relative came and said: "Your father and mother are out by the arroyo sleeping. Let a child go and stay with them until they wake." So my sister went. My brothers were drunk, too, but we did not know where. At last my father and mother awoke and came home very happy. For many days they sang.

II

My father told my mother: "There is going to be a big war party. We 159X
have sent men to run to the Place of the Burnt Seeds and the Buffalo Head 721
and Where the Willows Grow and Where the Owls Hoot and to Hackberry Pond. They are to meet us in ten days at the foot of the hills where the Apaches live."

My mother was frightened. It was near her time to menstruate and she 159X
was afraid it would not be over before my father wanted to go. Then he 721
would have to stay home, because a menstruating wife would weaken him 841
so he would be killed. My mother was careful about that. She went out of

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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the house as soon as it began; she never waited a minute. She never touched my father's arrows nor even looked at them when she could hurt them. So she told him. Then she went straight out to the Little House so it would be safe for my father to mend his arrows and twist a new bow string. I took her food to her, and every day I would ask: "Has it come?" And on the second day she said: "Yes." So it passed and my father could go.

The men went early in the morning before light, and they were gone eight days. All that time we girls and women kept very quiet. When the older girls came home with a load of wood, they never threw it down hard; they placed it softly. We did not laugh nor talk loud. Old Leaf Buds came to see us. Her husband was going to take care of my father if he was a Killer. And Leaf Buds was going to take care of my mother. So my mother tried to finish the mat she was making, because if my father was a Killer she would have to be purified and then she could not work at all.

She talked to us while she was finishing her work and told us what to do, because she would be gone four times four days. I was little then and I thought it would be good to stop work for so many days. But some of the women did not like it. They asked their husbands not to be Killers. There was once a woman who was making a big basket and she wanted to get it done. But the men made up a war party. So she told her husband she was menstruating and he had to stay home. They say that woman never menstruated again.

The men were gone eight days. I know how that fight was because my father told me. We were not women who were afraid of war power. We were Killers' women.

The men from all the villages met at Basket Cap Mountain, and there my father made them speeches, sitting with his arms folded and talking low as all great men do. Then they sang the war songs:

Oh, bitter wind, keep blowing
That therewith my enemy
Staggering forward
Shall fall.

Oh, bitter wind, keep blowing
That therewith my enemy
Staggering sideways
Shall fall.

Many, many songs they sang but I, a woman, cannot tell you all. I know that they made the enemy blind and dizzy with their singing and that they

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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and down by the wash there were men bending over the fields where the corn and beans and squash were growing.

In the furrow
At the corner
The corn is growing green
Growing green.

I used to hear those songs coming from the houses, because we were so happy in summer time. We had rain. Every morning the sky was bright and every afternoon the little white cloud stood over the mountains to the east. Everywhere by the washes you saw the centipedes that are a sign of rain. We call them a blessing, those centipedes. There were so many that you could shake your head and, pff! one would fall out of your hair. Now there are no more. That fine weather is gone.

We women did not have to fetch water. We could sit in the house and make baskets. Or else we could go off over the land to pick the fine fresh green things. At sunset all the village was full of laughing people, eating around their home fires.

Then we heard the crier call: "Come hither! Bring your cigarettes. We will smoke and talk of what we shall do!"

That call was for the men, not for the women. They got up from the fires and we saw them passing in the starlight against the gray desert that looks almost white on summer nights. I know what my father used to say to them in that meeting, for he has often told me how they spoke after the cigarette went round.

"Well! will you be ready? Take care, for often I have warned you. You must make arrows and your bow you must have in readiness, for when the enemy will arrive, you do not know. At night he may come; at night or in the morning or when the sun stands anywhere in the sky. Then you will arise, your bow you will snatch and therewith will fight the enemy.

"Close by you must keep your bow, your quiver, your hardwood arrows, and your reed arrows with the stone tip. Early in the morning must you have your food that you may be able to fight the enemy. Your girls very early must cook and must give food to the youths that they may be strong to fight no matter where the sun stands in the sky. Your girls shall pour water and shall search for wood and shall cook food. Early in the morning your girls shall run that when the enemy shall come, they can run swiftly and can save their lives.

"This I feel and this I say. Listen and my words shall enter your ears and enter your heads."

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So he talked to them, and then they spoke of whether they would widen the ditches and if the boys were practising well for the races, and maybe a man from some other village was there to tell them the news. There was not a man among us who would miss that meeting. 159x 617 721

We women sat in the dark, under the shelter, and told about the strange things we had heard. We told how there is a root which men carry to make the deer come to them and it makes women come, too. It smells strong and sweet, and you can smell it on the sweaty hands of a man beside you in the dance. If it is very strong and has been used in many love matches, sometimes it turns into a man. It walks up beside a woman while she is sleeping and makes her dream. 159x 517 [732]

We told how, in our village, a girl was struck by lightning. Someone must have been menstruating and not have confessed it, said the medicine man. So he called all the girls, took out his crystals and looked at them. "It was the girl herself," he said. "She has killed herself." 159x 761 821

We told how, when a woman does not seem to care for any man or a man for any woman, that person is really married to a snake. There was a man in our village who used to go out alone into the desert and disappear in a wash. His parents followed him and found there a little red snake with her baby snakes on her back. They said to their son: "What! have you a family of snakes?" He said: "No, she is a beautiful woman." That is how snakes fool you. The older women used to tell us, too, that if we thought too much about any boy before we were married, that boy would seem to come and make love to us. But it would not be he, it would only be a snake. So girls must not think too much about boys. That was what the old women told us. We must not think about boys and we must not talk to boys. When we were married it would be time enough to speak to a man. Now it was better to work and be industrious. 159x 834 864

So I worked. But I used to think while I was sitting under the shelter with my basketry, about whether I would get a good man and whether I would like being married. I used to hear a good deal about married peoples' troubles, because my father was chief in Mesquite Root. Married people who had quarrels brought their troubles to him. There was a post in front of our house where people were beaten who did wrong, and all the village would come to see and talk about what happened. 159x 622 681

Once I remember how a wife came, very angry. She had walked a long way to tell about her husband. "He beats me," she said to my father. "You who are One Made Big Over Us, he beats me! But I love him." My father used to smile at things like that. He was a warrior and a gambler. He did not care about beating women. But he always settled things for them. So 159x 684

5: Castetter & Bell N-5 (1938-1940 1942
NU28 Papago NU28
Pima NU29

Pi Pa 276 782 When smoking individually, a man might do so merely for pleasure or to communicate with the Great Spirit. Thus, while out walking somewhere, he might sit down to smoke and blow the smoke upward as a kind of unexpressed or incipient prayer, meanwhile talking to the tobacco or the smoke. But, in such cases, he must always finish the cigarette; that is, smoke it to a short stub, then roll it into a ball and gently place it on, or stick it into, the ground. A Papago, while smoking, must talk to the smoke which carried his prayer, else it would have no virtue. A man in trouble always smoked, and it was customary to do so before engaging in any endeavor, either personal or collective, for this was looked upon as a great help. It was done either to obtain aid for specific things or for the general welfare, such as planting, seeking rain, securing good crops, curing, health, preparing for warfare, sports etc. In planting or otherwise caring for his crops, a man, while smoking, blew smoke over the field, asking the Great Spirit that his crop grow well, that he have a good crop and that his relatives might benefit thereby. A man planning to run a race against someone from another village might blow smoke toward that village. In this case he would not talk to the Spirit but would say to his opponent, "You are not a great runner, I can beat you." He might also blow smoke toward the Apache when preparing to go to war against them, or toward the Gulf of Mexico when preparing for a salt expedition. One could talk to the Spirit without smoking, but smoking was thought to be an aid.

Pa [241] Pa [526] Pa [931]

Pi 782 Pima informants said that to them everything was mysterious, and for this reason prayed to the darkness. At night a Pima would smoke and blow the smoke on his breast saying, "Kind darkness, give me good rest and good dreams and may nothing harm me." They also had great respect for the sun, well-nigh amounting to worship. In the morning the Pima would blow his smoke toward the sun saying, "Oh kind traveling sun, pity me. Give me the strength that whatever

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

upon, peas, barley, and lentils may be planted, all on a small scale, according to Indian habits. Wheat, which is grown in November and harvested in May, is now the most important crop.

By scooping up the earth they make dams in which rain-water is stored for household use as well as for their domestic animals. This is especially the case at the summer rancherias. Of late years they have also taken to the digging of wells, going sometimes as deep as seventy feet, but they have been known to find an abundance of water at a depth of only eighteen feet. Thus the Papagoes, though sedentary Indians, have distinct habitations for summer and winter. The aboriginal name for the summer rancherias is *oóitak*, fields, called by the Mexicans *temporales*. The winter rancherias are called *kihim*, where there are houses (*ki*), and these might be called villages. In some cases the summer rancherias seem to be considered the more important habitations, and medicine lodges are found at both.

As implacable enemies of the Apaches, the Papagoes were of some assistance to the early missionaries in helping the presidios to fight their savage foes, and they have several times, says J. F. Velasco, presented the government with ears and scalps of Apaches they had killed. Their innate enmity to the Apaches later gained them the favor of the Americans, who received their valuable assistance in campaigns against these marauders. They also gained the good-will of the Mexican Government by assisting in the war against the valiant Yaqui Indians.

It has been the good fortune of the Papagoes to live

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

159 In 1849: Unusual snowfall, killing men and beasts.

173 In 1850: Successful attacks by the Apaches on the Maricopa at Red Rock, as well as on the Papago near Magdalena, Sonora.

In 1851: Severe disease, called "black vomit," appeared. Its symptoms were painful fits and cramps. Dark-colored blood would flow from the mouth. When the sufferer vomited, it was a sign of relief. Many Indians died, including some medicine-men. (This may have been yellow fever.)

In 1852 and 1853: Papagoes repelled attacks by the Apaches in Arizona.

In 1854: Papagoes fought with the Apaches at Santa Ana, Sonora.

In 1855 and 1856: Death of relatives.

In 1857: American soldiers were killed by Mexicans at Caborca. (This alludes to the defeat of the filibusters under Captain Crabbe.)

In 1858: Birth of a girl relative. She afterward became makai (medicine-man.)

In 1859: The Papagoes in the winter went to dance with the Pimas, below Sacaton, in order to secure wheat. (It was also the custom for the Pima to help at the feasts of the Papago, the reward being in either case grain or domestic animals.)

In 1860: Prominent chief died.

In 1861: Papagoes in Mexico engaged the Apaches and were victorious. The booty, consisting of shields, bows, and arrows, was sold to the Mexicans for mescal brandy and maize.

In 1862: A fight with the Apaches in Mexico.

In 1863: His first marriage took place.

In 1864: His first child was born.

In 1865: Apaches captured one Papago, who later escaped.

In 1871: Apaches made peace with the whites at Arivaipa.

In 1874: Apaches attacked San Xavier.

In 1875: Ball games with foot-racing at Caborca, Sonora. He won in betting, one horse, saddle, and bridle.

In 1876: Disease, accompanied by the loss of hair. Many died. (Perhaps this was typhoid fever.)

In 1880: The railroad arrived at Tucson.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

317 hundred meters in diameter and at long intervals covered by the sea, is still popular also with many Papagoes north of the boundary line. Their expeditions pass La Nariz, Espuma, and Chujubabi, and the time to go there is in April and October. Sometimes there is no salt found, when those Indians who are in the habit of visiting there come to the Pinacate salina.

[484 The expeditions to the salt deposit, where we had our
●721] present camp, used to consist of thirty or forty men—"as
317 many as when going to fight the Apaches," to use the ex-
783 pression of the most prominent leader of these expeditions to-day, whom I met at Santa Rosa in Arizona. In this case, however, they are all unarmed. On the road to
[261] and from the salina the Indians eat and drink very little, their only food being pinole, a handful to each, three times a day, eaten in the morning before the start, at noon, and in the afternoon. It is mixed with water, and whatever little may stick to the cup after its contents have been eaten is buried in a hole made in the ground. Nobody drinks water without permission; they wait until the leader tells them to do so, and drink only when told to stop on the march. The party travels very silently, only elderly men who have undertaken the journey before talk, and nobody turns around either on the journey out or on the return. No member of the expedition can scratch himself unless he uses for the purpose a special implement made from a twig of the greasewood.

In the evenings going and coming they receive instructions from the leader concerning the care that must be

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
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one aided by the magicians. Inure yourself to the cold while yet a boy. Fight not at all with your comrades; preserve your strength for the combat with the Apaches; then, if brave, will come to you high honor. Be unselfish or you will not be welcome at the fire of the friendly; the selfish man is lonely and his untended fire dies. Keep your peace when a foolish man addresses the people. Join not in his imprudent counsellings. Above all, talk not foolishly yourself. Bathe in the cold water of the early morning, that you may be prepared for the purification ceremony after killing an enemy!"

When an Apache campaign was decided upon, there was much preparation for the fray, and the feasts and ceremonies connected with the return of a victorious party were among the most elaborate, foot-races and gambling forming a part. If the Apaches killed some of the Papagoes, the former were believed to take the clouds away, so the Papagoes had to go and kill some of them in order to bring the clouds back. Sometimes the Apaches would be discovered in a week, and sometimes a whole month would pass before the encounter. The provisions consisted of pinole; bows and arrows, lances and clubs were the weapons, and almost every one of the party had a shield. The Apaches have been credited with a superstition about fighting at night, and the Pimas at least are said to have used this disinclination to their advantage. On returning, those who had killed Apaches had to stay away from their houses and bathe early in the morning before sunrise four times at intervals of four days. One man was appointed to pro-